

the faculty of music
university of toronto

and

the canadian broadcasting corporation

present

janet baker, mezzo-soprano

john newmark, piano

macmillan theatre,
edward johnson building

8:30 p.m.

sunday, october 24th, 1971

Even if love's fire
 never warmed her
 frigid heart,
 which showed no pity
 for the soul she enslaved,
 one day she may repent
 and grieve and pine
 for me

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

Claudio Monteverdi

Curses on
 that face which
 burns me,
 poor me.
 I feel
 bitter torment;
 I die without
 Hope of restoring
 my faith
 in you.
 Curses on
 that face which
 burns me,
 poor me.

Cursed be
 the arrow
 which gives
 a mortal wound.
 It is my beloved's
 wish; it is the wish
 of one who does
 not love.

Cursed be
 the arrow
 which gives
 a mortal wound.

III

Seventeenth-century English Songs

Jehovah reigns

Mister Barringcloe

Jehova reigns: let Heaven rejoice,
 Joyful earth exalt her voice;
 Let dancing billows roar
 Echo's answer from the shore.
 Let triumphal joys go round,
 He comes with glory crowned
 To judge the earth, the world to sway
 And his truth to men display.

A Hymne to God the Father

Pelham Humfrey

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
 Which is my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive those sinnes through which I runn
 And doe them still, thou still I doe deplore?
 And when thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, by which I have wonne
Others to sin, and made my sin their dore?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shunne
A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
for I have more.

I have a sine of feare that when I have spun
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Son
Shall shine as he shines nowe, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou has done,
I have noe more.

Bonduca's Song

Henry Purcell

O lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come;
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round.
There let me soothe my pleasing pain
And never think of war again.
What glory can a lover have,
To conquer, yet be still a slave.

Pursuing Beauty

Henry Purcell

Pursuing Beauty men descry
The distant shore and long to prove
Still richer in variety
The treasures of the land of love.
We women like weak Indians stand
Inviting from our golden coast
The wandering rovers to our land
But she who trades with 'em is lost.
Be wise, be wise and do not try
How they can court or you be won;
For love is but discovery
When that is made the pleasure's done.

IV

La Partenza

Gioacchino Rossini

In this song by Rossini, one of the many he wrote while
living in Paris, the text is Venetian and a fond but sad
farewell is being said. How can she live without him?
Will he remain faithful to her?

INTERMISSION

V

An die untergehende Sonne

Franz Schubert

The people give thanks, the air stirs,
evening mists rise rise from the fields to you
winds blow through your curly hair;
the waves will cool your burning cheek,
wide open lies thy watery bed.
Rest in peace, rest in joy;
the nightingale sings thy lullaby.

O sun, you sink to rest — sink then in peace.
Quiet and peaceful your departure,
restful and glowing your silent path.
Your friendly eye smiles wearily,
tears fall from your golden lashes;
blessings stream from you to the scented earth.
Ever lower, ever softer, ever more gravely
you sink towards towards the horizon.
O sun, you sink to rest — sink then in peace.

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

Franz Schubert

Love abounds on every side,
But true love is only rarely seen;
Love comes rushing up to meet one,
Only searching will reveal true love.

Hin und wieder fliegen Pfeile

Franz Schubert

Here and there dart Love's arrows
from his slender golden bow. Would you be his
victims? It is all a matter of luck.

Why is he in such a hurry? He wants to conquer
everyone. Already he is gone and the heart lies
open, unafraid. Beware — he will be back!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert

1 My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest.

2 Where I am not with him
I am in my grave,
the whole world
turns to bitter gall.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 My poor head
is in a whirl,
my poor thoughts
are all distracted. | 7 and the magic flow
of his speech,
the pressure of his hand,
and his kiss! |
| 4 My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest. | 8 My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy;
never, never again
will I find rest. |
| 5 I seek only him when I look
out of the window,
I seek only him when I leave
the house. | 9 My bosom yearns
towards him.
If only I could seize him
and hold him |
| 6 His noble gait,
his fine stature,
the smile of his lips,
the power of his eyes, | 10 and kiss him
to my heart's content —
under his kisses
I should die!
(My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy . . .) |

Rastlose Liebe

Franz Schubert

Against the snow, the rain, the wind,
Through the misty abyss and clouds
of fog, everlastingly without rest or peace.
As life bears gladness, I fight for love
through pain.

As each heart yearns towards another
Ah! how lonely does pain make one
What then — shall I fly? To the forest?
All is lost.

O Love — thou art the crown of life —
happiness without peace.

VI

Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré

The serenaders and the fair listeners exchange
platitudes under the singing boughs —
Tircis and Amintas, and that eternal Clitander, and
Damis making so many tender verses for so many
cruel ladies.
Their short silk jackets, their long dresses with trains,
their elegance, their zest and their soft blue shadows
whirl in the ecstasy of a rose-pink and grey moon, and the
mandoline chatters between the shudders of a breeze.

En Sourdine

Gabriel Fauré

Calm in the half-light under the high branches, let us
fill our love with this deep silence.
Let us melt our souls, hearts and ecstatic senses in
among the vague languors of pine and arbutus.
Half-shut your eyes, fold your arms, and from your
lulled heart drive for ever all will.
Let us yield to the gentle, rocking breeze that ripples
the russet grasses at your feet.
And when, solemnly, evening glides down from the dark oaks,
voice of our despair, the nightingale shall sing.

Green

Gabriel Fauré

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves and branches, and then my
heart, which beats only for you. Do not tear it with your
white hands — may the humble gift be pleasant to your lovely
eyes.
I come still covered with dew, which the morning wind freezes
on my forehead. I am tired — let me rest at your feet and
dream of the dear moments that will refresh me.
Let my head — still musical with your last kisses — rock
gently on your young bosom; let it find calm after the good
storm, and let me sleep a little since you are at rest.

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré

I love your eyes, I love your brow, O my beloved one!
I love your eyes, I love your mouth, where kisses fall
I love all that makes you beautiful,
you to whom I give my vows.

Fleur jetée

Gabriel Fauré

Carry away my madness on the capricious wind, while singing,
plucked and dreaming, cast away. Like a discarded flower
love withers away, the hand that touched mine is gone for
ever. That wind which withers you, poor flower, once so
fresh and tomorrow faded, that wind may wither my heart.

Next Event: Thursday, October 28th, 1971
Thursday Evening Series
Jacques Loussier Trio-Play Bach